

Before the storm upon us

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Summary: "I always thought that the stories of monsters under the bed were rubbish. But what if, the bed was a reference to something else? What about...the underground? If so, I know what really is beneath the surface. My name is Chara. And this is my story. My story about the underground."

Before the storm upon us

"Hello?"

My voice was cracked, the edges of my lips bleeding. I licked off the blood; it's salty taste overflowed my senses. I coughed, turning into a violent hack.

"Help? Help!" my voice echoed through the darkness. I couldn't even see anything. Wherever I was, it was extremely dark.

I was scared.

More blood dribbled from the edges of my mouth. My brown shoes were filthy, so were my legs. The long shirt went down long enough to cover my bottom half, so I never had gotten pants. It was kind of like a dress. Well, sort of.

"Hello?" I squeaked. The darkness was intimidating. It was then that I realized that I was in pain. And alive. Or was I?

I pinched myself. Bad idea when you've just fallen down a hole that you didn't even know how far down it went; and you couldn't see the sun even from the bottom of the hole, which is where I suspected I was.

Yup. I was alive.

I didn't remember what day it was, let alone the time. Then I decided

to call it ; 'the day I ran away and went to Mt. Ebott.'

I rolled over and groaned, the aftershock of the fall finally kicking in. I had to get away from those people. The pain of my home. It was nice to run away, until I fell.

They said that the mountain was weird, and had been made after some battle. I didn't believe that rubbish. After all, no one taught us that in school.

I needed help. But no one lived in a mountain.

I still had to try.

"Help!"

No response. Nothing. I struggled to stand, but I couldn't even bring myself to kneel. My chest filled with pain, and I brought my hand up to it; only to have it covered in the redness of the liquid I needed to live. A cold shiver ran down my spine as I felt it, and collapsed to the ground.

No one would help me. No one could. No one cared enough, well. If they had the insanity of jumping in a hole after me, then I'd be filled with disgust.

The wound was big, spread all on the one side of my brown shirt I so foolishly ran away with. The pain was eating me from the inside out.

I felt the near gape on my skin, there was no wayâ€¦|

no way I could liveâ€¦|

I blacked out, hoping for the end to come quickly.

"Hello?"

My eye just barely opened to a sheen of white.

\_Am I dreaming? It's just a dream... \_

"Hello!"

OK. That was definitely real.

I knew I didn't have the strength to stand up, so I continued laying down on the ground. The voice was loud, but I didn't have the power to respond.

\_Find me. Please.\_ I thought.

\_I don't want to die yet.\_

"Oh my gosh! Are you alright?!"

Someone was standing in front of me. I tried to look up at them. From weary to suddenly shocked, I could see them.

It was a goat. Or something that sort of \_looked\_ like a goat.

It wore a green and yellow sweater and black or blue pants. I couldn't tell.

"Oww.." I suddenly brought my hand back to my side. Swaying a bit from my slightly propped up position.

"Oh! Let me help you!" the goat boy leaned over and brought his arm beneath me, supporting me onto my knees. I was about to push away and say I was fine, but I knew I couldn't stand on my feet.

Maybe I could be helped. Just this once.

The goat boy finally pulled me too my feet, me leaning on him mostly.

"Can you walk?" he asked worriedly. I had no clue what he \_wanted \_with me, but like I said. Maybe I can let myself be helped for a bit.

I took a deep breath and stepped, nearly collapsing in the process. The goat boy quickly leaned down and stopped my fall.

He frowned. "I can help you up." he stood, and took a step. I followed him, for a few steps before he stopped.

"Do you have a name? I think we need to need to know each other's names if we're gonna do this. I'm Asriel! Howdy!" he looked at me excitedly. "What's your name?"

I pointed at my mouth weekly. He understood instantly.

"Oh! I'm so sorry! You're still hurt! And probably hungry. You can tell me your name later, OK?"

He sure talked a lot, but he was nice. Which was a plus.

He frowned again.

"I need to get you helpâ€¦|" he trailed off before snapping his fluffy paw/fingers. I am actually not sure what they were, but he could snap. Which was impressive.

"I'll bring you to my mom! She'll know what to do!"

I was definitely NOT in the mood to meet any other monsters, let alone more walking, talking goats, but I had to oblige. After all, I was half torn to shreds, totally sore, couldn't speak and was probably on the verge of death. Actually, scratch that. I was on the verge of death. I was not about to turn down help now.

We continued walking for a bit, when I realized the landscape had changed.

Instead of the darkness, a castle was visible from where we were. I noticed a rustle from the edges of the city that seemed to be wandering through, and I saw we were headed to the castle.

As we arrived at the doors, I suddenly felt ill. I dropped like a stone, kneeling down. Asriel, again, saved my fall.

"W-wait a sec! Oh no!" he yelped and tried to help me up again. I felt my injury spread and I screamed in agony. Asriel stared in horror.

"MOM! MOM! MOM, COME QUICK! PLEASE!"

I slightly froze as his furry paws grasped my hand, squeezing it in worry. I wasn't sure if he was doing it on purpose or not, but whatever the case was he was scared.

In a matter of seconds, another goat person appeared. I suspected this was his mom, she looked much like Asriel did. She wore some sort of purple dress like thing that hung so low the only part that was visible beneath the hem was her white fluffy feet. Her eyes filled with worry as they laid on me.

"Oh my goodness! What happened?" she leaned down immediately, taking Asriel's place and holding me up. She was tall, and was kneeling down so I could reach her. Or she could reach me. I don't know.

"Tori? What is going on?" another goat man was suddenly standing in the doorway. He had yellow hair and a yellow beard that seemed to match his purple cloak and golden crown perfectly. "Oh myâ€¦" his eyes widened as he saw me.

"Dad, we have to help them!" Asriel's face was that of worry, but why?

Why was I so important to him? I just met him not even half an hour ago and it's like...it's likeâ€¦

I don't even know. No one ever showed me sympathy. They just hurt me to get working.

Does Asriel, these...monsters...care about me?

The king seemed to hold a response before nodding, eyeing me curiously.

I wonder what he was thinking.

My breath was being held. Or, more like I was holding it. This was the royal family. Other monsters had begun to surround me, mumbling and whispering. Some of them caught my glances and turned away shyly, others glared and turned away. And yet even some seemed to be thoughtful. I saw what seemed to be a skeleton on the edge of the crowd. He had no emotion, but as soon as I turned away, he vanished.

Was I seeing things? Maybe.

Asriel came closer to me, pushing them away as his mom checked me, eyes widening on my bleeding side. "We need to get you attention." she spoke softly as the king bellowed for everyone to stay clear. The other monsters backed away willingly, yet some dared to stay a bit closer, even a young what looked like a fox or a cat looked at me full on. It's father pulled it back, but the little furry's eyes remained on me. I felt myself flush.

I was definitely not use to this.

The mother picked me up. I felt a little uncomfortable being picked up by a goat, but I soon succumbed to the warmth of her fur. I curled up in her grasp and, for the second time, fell asleep.

I don't know how long I was asleep for, but it was definitely a long time. I peered open an eye, looking around slowly. I was in a warm bed, with some sort of flowers beside me. I groaned and sat up. My side had been treated and wrapped in something that resembled white cloth. I still ached.

Almost as if on cue, Asriel charged into the room.

"Oh! You're awake! Yay! I told you mom would help us!" Asriel grabbed my hands. I was about to pull away, but I prevailed. He was happy for me. I should learn to care.

"So," He continued.

"What's your name?"

I responded bolder than what I thought I would, but responded with confidence.

"Me?"

He nodded.

"I'm Chara."

\*\*Mega: Well, that was cool! Awww! a little Asriel saving a little Chara! So CUUUTE!\*\*

\*\*Well, that's \*\*

End  
file.